

one hundred St. Bernards that  
live in a kennel  
on the other side  
of an old bridge.

5.

we stopped for coffee and  
ate two doughnuts that were  
stale. Myrtle said the  
doughnut man only came on  
weekdays and this was  
saturday

6.

local fellow asked where we  
were from, we told him  
San Francisco and he read  
the newspaper stirring his  
coffee with a fork

7.

a little bell rang as we  
left and local fellow  
and Myrtle shook their  
heads and  
laughed.

8.

Mary and I visited the  
old farm (lost ten years ago)  
the orchard was in blossom  
and we have to go back  
to Oakland Sunday.

-- Stephen Morse

Oakland CA

For Marti

I'm missing you  
today, your small body  
I was learning to trust  
your black hair  
tangled in everything  
& good things you told me  
that I carry like St. Christopher  
on a silver chain.